"S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne. AMBUSA ? I'LL FOOL THAT HA' ALKALI IKE STAGE STAGE POBBER ROBBER?

CLACKETY CLACK CLACKETY-CLACK JUST FOR FUN ILL SLIP UP ON ALKALI SORT OF AMBUSH

The New Plays

"Two Little Brides" Bright and Lively; Powers Funny.

BY CHARLES DARNTON WHAT eight column smile of James spreading itself at the Casino last praucing to the alter to the pretties Gustave Korker has written in many a moon, and a chance to be funny almost every step of the way, the home liest man in the musical comedy world had every reason to consider himself a lunky star. While we must admire Daniels for his lack of manly, beauty, there is something about Powersthat rises above the "make-up" box

bered in the last act wasn't so "little"-Mr. Powers evidently felt no fear. But oparently he had his doubts about the German "book," so he joined with Arthur Anderson and Harold Attridge "Broadway standard." For years we've been trying to discover what this ns, and we shall probably die in the

ght, quite aside from his earnest en-avor to figure upon the roll of ors. It may be only a coincidence Bridge" emerged at the same moment. It never raine but it pours, and so Mr. remained out in a thunderstorm a song-and-dance was going on a Ladies' Institute that promised a good spring crop of brides. Fortu-ustely the flery lady who was waiting at the church for him with a dagger in the scene until the second set, and by this time he was hopelessly attached to one of the prottlest brides the Institute had to offer. His friend, the Count,

out the other one. One was fair, the other dark. Musi-Lella Hughes took the blonde side of the argument. Her voice matched her hair, and both scored. In a light sort of way, Miss Hughes was altogether charming. Miss Frances Camphasised her dark beauty in a way that suggested the Oriental type But she could sing-and she did! Mirs Plavia Arcaro came later with the dagger and considerable gusto. Also, she brought her voice with her, and it helped the singing average materially. Walter Lawrence betrayed no sign of the Count and came off with both singing and acting honors. It also ap-Clough had carried the Southern States and been elected King. A certain Colcould give him lessons in acting, but its singing voice saved him.

The real leader, however, was the man who conducted the orchestra-Mr. Kerker. His music save 'The Two Brides" distinction and charm. Although one number recalled "The Chocolate Soldler" and another suggested "The Spring Maid," it was the score that really scored. The one fault to find is that there was a little too much of it toward the end. "The Waltz Witnout a Kiss" struck the most original note of the evening until it degenerated into a burlesque of the insufferable "turkey trot." Another mistake was made when a bed was dragged in to gains. And the man who tells her, by ly polished panes of Mrs. Mudridge-Illustrate the old joke of the husband who comes home so late that his wife her feet is very apt to end by being wakes up and imagines that he is regarded as such. same time he may rest assured that with "Two Little Brides" he has a rest season a musical comedy that is bright and lively has everything in its favor.

Memory.

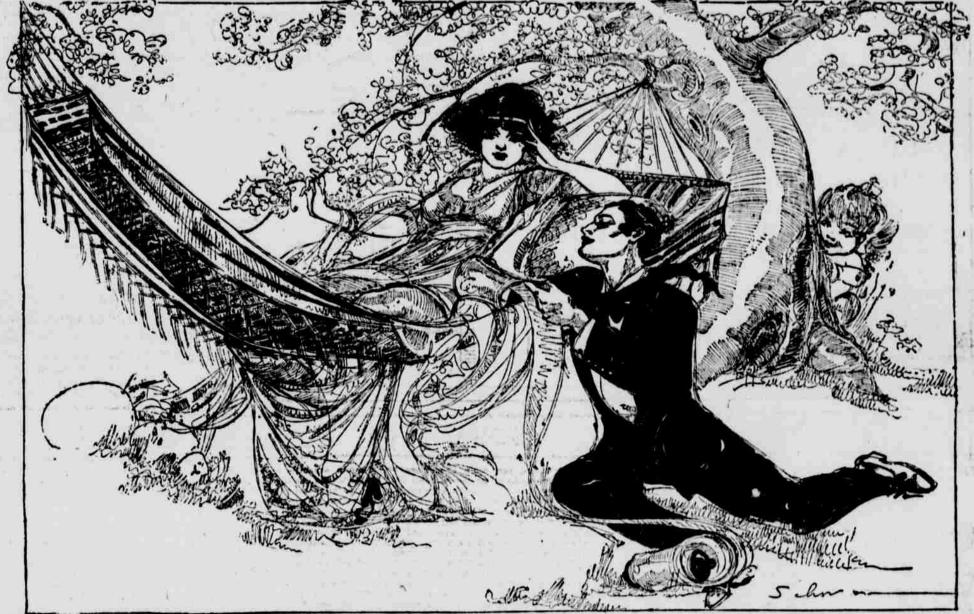
NOT when the breath of springtime strikes my heart, Sweeping a minor chord from ou ite strings. Nor in the wintful autumn's quiet day

When no bird singe.

My soul, nor when, in summer's gather in the upland fields alone

Life's evertasting flower, Not while the cycle of the passing years

"The Kind of Man for Me!" (No. 2. THE POET) By Eleanor Schorer



So BESSIE exchanged the business man for the poet with soft brown eyes, and for hours each day he would sit while she lay in the hammont and He was dazed with delight when she came into eight (as she'd wished Mr. Business would be). He wrote gushing sonnets to all her new bonnets, and they lived upon

WZZY SLAVINSKY came racing around

was in the vehicle. He halted to make faces of himself at himself on the high-

"Get out of the way, little boy," said

that lady as she alighted, and Izzy

stepped aside with due awe for the

out toot the horn fer me and tell her

I had to go back to the garage for a left-handed monkey wrench."

"What'll you give mo?" asked Master

tures, any colleger pictures?" asked

Izzy, "and will you gimmie a cent for

Smith's limousine,

me stater?"

the corner with his pushmobile made from discarded go-cart wheel

Betty Vincent's Advice

love and pink tea.

The "Doormat" Lover. M man, if you want Her to like you, don't let Her walk on

> It is an instinchuman nature not what is obtained too cheaply. After joy even a woman and a soap box. His little sister Becky

dently unable to discriminate between pay due bomage to the lady of your lofty mien and sumptuous attire of the affections. Only stoop like a knight; fair young matron. is "granted don't grovel like a slave. In other "Hey, you kid!" said the chauffeur, as influence. words, don't act as if you had lost your Mrs. Mudridge-Smith swept inside the work don't act as it you had lost your self-respect in the beloved presence, apartment-house portain to visit Mrs. The young woman of to-day doesn't al. Jarr, "will you keep an eye on this ways wish to look up at a man, but our and holler for the cops if you see neither does she wish to look down. any hicks trying to pinch the spare She would like to meet his giance tires-and if you see that dame-coming

squarely on the level. A Frank Explanation.

You will be very foolish if you do not set your lover's mind at rest by a

frank explanation.

"A. S." writes: "I am nineteen and take the post of watchman for the man of thirty-three is paying me at- machine, the chauffeur promised the tention. Do you think he is too old extra penny, and, as an evidence of

Marriages where there are only a picture, fow years between husband and wife. Then he turned the corner briskly on are surest of happiness. But if you his way to the garage for the left-love this man very much, I think that handed monitor wrench; but, evidently you may not regret marrying him.

The new York state there appears to be so much we you may not regret marrying him.





"L. M." writes: "I am in love with a young man and he loves me, but he thinks I care for a friend of his. I don't wish to tell him this is not the case, and what shall I do?"

"What'll you give me?" asked Master Sometimes a girl with a college education gets over it sufficiently a to marry almost as well as if she had stayed at home and remained in bliss. I don't wish to tell him this is not the case, and what shall I do?"

"What'll you give me?" asked Master Sometimes a girl with a college education gets over it sufficiently a fourty almost as well as if she had stayed at home and remained in bliss. I don't wish to tell him this is not the case, and what shall I do?"

As no other child was in sight to ing then leaning over a washtub or a typewriter from nine to siz.

good faith, passed over a eigarette will kiss her first and ask her afterward, thus relieving her of all respon-

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY AND THE SAHARA BY HAROLD M'GRATH

FROM BAGDAD

THE CARPET

STNOPSE OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
A undiscorte of clerer swindlers as of Egys to cobe a rish young American rus merchant mand closure. Province hadermon Jones. The same control of the province of the province

"I do think you might come around and give the children a ride once in a while, or me?" said Mrs. Jarr. "You're very stingy with your old automobile" that he would have liberated them all. But now he dared not; he was not far "He says he showed the n time. So can the children," said Mrs. enough away. To Bagdad, then, and Mudridge-Smith. "Dear met Anytime!"
"Well, there's no time like the present," said Mrs. Jarr.

Macrode-sould. 1912 by the Press pedichale Co. (the New York Woods).

A TATURE endoaced woman with beauty, group, (to the state and tenderness—and then the detti spoiled all by giting her a fongue.

The Jarr children had awaited and proposed to the posterior of the posterior of

"What shall I say to him?"

"Whatever you will." Ryanne was left his camel and sought Peri mide, found her hand and held it in the saw that argument would be ly. He scarcely gave thought to the did. He vaguely meant to en

The strain numbe her testy; the poet grew pesty. For mooning was all that he knew.

And Bessie had tired of being admired, which was all the asknetic could do.

The poet was spurned, for Bessie had learned "HE IS NOT THE RIGHT MAN POR they lived upon "ELEANOR SCHORER."

ELEANOR SCHORER.

The yill of Allah!" He could not repress the first of admiration in his won yes as they took in her beauty, the rest, siender figure, the worm upon her face, and the fear-leasness in her great, dark eyes. Such as woman might have graced the pelice of the reach, when the might see the men wriths. It is not because you will not have a good in the car and carrying on about dying in the car and carrying on about dying in land, "and show that chausfeur will be going away to the saloon and leaving the car." said Mir. Clara Mudridge-Smitth, as she seated herrelf to have a good live got my husband so angry and raving as she seated herrelf to have a good to think you might come a round and give the children a ride once in a within. Had the courier everyment within the line on a she viewed it from pitty but from that respect which one brave person gives free-handed to another.

Reflections of a

"He says he showed the note to no

Bachelor Girl